

"JULIUS CAESAR" AT THE FOREST THEATER

THE CARMELITE

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This Issue in Miniature

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AND—what is privately considered by the editorial staff to be the best part of the paper—*The Carmelite Junior*.

* * *

(The cover illustration is from a hitherto unpublished photograph of Herbert Heron in the role of Hamlet.)



SHAKESPEARE IN A SYLVAN SETTING

HERBERT HERON, PRODUCER OF "JULIUS CAESAR," AS HE APPEARED IN THE FOREST THEATER PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET," STAGED FIVE YEARS AGO.

Carmel News

SMALL INCREASE IN ASSESSED VALUATIONS

The City Council in special session on Monday received from City Clerk and Assessor Saidee van Brower the assessment roll for the current tax year. A total assessed valuation of \$3,331,055 is shown, being an increase of \$109,200 over the previous year.

Sitting as a board of equalization, the Council was available on Monday and again on Tuesday to hear protests, but none were made.

In reviewing the assessment roll, the Council decided on increased valuations for certain plots on Dolores street in the business zone. Formal notification has been given the property owners concerned and the Council will meet again on Wednesday morning, August twentieth, at ten o'clock to consider any protests which may arise from the increases.

LAST CALL

FOR

DINNER RESERVATIONS

FOR

"50 Years After" GALA NIGHT

AT

Hotel Del Monte

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23.

DINNER STARTS 7:30

DANCING STARTS 8:00

TO AVOID S. R. O.

TELEPHONE MONTEREY 380

CARMEL TALENT ENLISTED FOR DEL MONTE JUBILEE

That the "Fifty Years After" Gala night show at Hotel Del Monte, Saturday, August twenty-third, climaxing Del Monte's Golden Jubilee celebration, will be one of the cleverest amateur presentations of its kind ever staged, is the prediction of those who have witnessed recent rehearsals. The show will consist of a series of travesties on the "Roaring '80s" and "Gay 90s."

Frank Sheridan and George Ball of Carmel are actively engaged in its direction. Willette Allen is training the Floradora Chorus and the "Bathing Revue of 1880." Hal Girvin, Hotel Del Monte orchestra leader, is preparing special orchestrations for the "Bicycle Built for Six," and other feature numbers.

The cast will include many celebrities, among them being: Miss Jean Wingfield of Reno and San Francisco; Mrs. Carl Bachelder and Miss Virginia Law of San Francisco and Pebble Beach; Mrs. R. A. Kocher and Misses Mary Green, Constance Heron, Marion Minges, H. Thurman of Carmel and Miss B. Hughes of Monterey Presidio; Carol Sandholdt of Monterey; Frank Sheridan, George Ball, Gordon Nelson, Robert Cooke Smith, Talbert and Win. Josselyn, Ernie Schweninger of Carmel and Wm. (Fat) Larue of San Francisco.

Dinner reservations are now being made.

CARMEL CHILDREN IN MOTOR ACCIDENT

An automobile accident said to have been due to the playful tactics of two youthful drivers occurred last Monday on Scenic Drive near Seventh. The cars involved were the Leidig Grocery delivery truck, driven by Ernest Goodman, and a touring car driven by Alfred Durney.

Both cars were travelling in the same direction. According to police reports, Durney gave contradictory signals, the cars came abreast and at a point where the drive narrowed the delivery truck "side-swiped" the tourer, overturning it.

Rosemary Wright and Patricia Murphy, riding in the Durney car were injured, the former sustaining a broken wrist, the latter severe cuts. Janet Sayers, the third passenger, fortunately escaped uninjured.

The two drivers appeared before City Judge Hoagland on Tuesday charged with reckless driving and were each fined twenty dollars.

PENINSULA GARDEN CLUB

The Monterey Peninsula Garden Club will hold its second meeting at eight o'clock the evening of Tuesday, August nineteenth at the House of the Four Winds, Monterey.

Anyone joining the club at this meeting will be considered a charter member. The dues are to be one dollar a year. Meetings will be held the third Tuesday of every month at eight o'clock in the evening, usually at the House of the Four Winds but occasionally elsewhere on the Peninsula, depending on the number of members from other places. Membership in the club is open to men and women, amateurs and professionals.

GIRL SCOUTS

Miss Betty Phillips who has been in charge of the Girl Scout activities in Carmel for the summer has returned to her home in Vancouver. Miss Phillips has taken an active part in local affairs and will be greatly missed by the Girl Scouts as well as by her many friends. It is hoped in Girl Scout circles that Miss Phillips will be able to return in the fall to resume her work with the Carmel troop.

The Carmel Girl Scout Council offered two weeks at Camp Chaparral to the girl who should be chosen by her troop as an outstanding Girl Scout. The troop chose Betty Van Zandt to receive this honor. She, with five other Carmel Carmel Girl Scouts left Saturday for Chaparral, the Regional Girl Scout Camp, in the Big Basin.

THE DRAMA GUILD

To provide a breathing spell following the arduous activities of recent months, the Drama Guild has suspended its weekly meetings for the remainder of August, to resume the usual Thursday night gatherings in September.

OPEN HOUSE

Sunday, August seventeenth, will be visitors day at the recently completed quarters of the Grace Deere Velie Metabolic Clinic, which will be open to receive patients on Monday.

RUDHYAR AT THE GALLERY

Dane Rudhyar, pianist-composer, appeared in a lecture-recital at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Tuesday evening. A review of the event is unavoidably held over until next week.

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JULIUS CAESAR

The Twentieth Anniversary Festival of the Forest Theater will be brought to a close Friday and Saturday evenings by the production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

The traditions of the Forest Theater are many. Some of the men and women who played meager parts on this stage in the past are receiving big salaries as directors or actors in the theatrical world today. But this is not the greatest tradition ingrained in the guarding pines of its woodland setting. The Forest Theater is primarily a community enterprise situated in the center of one of California's real art-loving colonies. A classical play, in which eighty men and women from every walk of life from cook's helpers to millionaires, including artisans who sweat in the sun and artists who sketch in the shade, is a fitting close of the festival, especially with the theater's founder directing.

The whole stage, fifty-five feet wide and fifty feet deep, will be used in some of the scenes. The grounds at the sides of the front of the stage as well as the space in back will be used to give scope to the outdoor settings when mobs and processions enter and leave the spotlights. The sets being erected would outweigh the capacity of the ordinary indoor stage. These are a few of the interesting facts concerning the staging of a production, which if produced commercially would run in expense around ten thousand dollars. All Carmel can well join in with the Forest Theater in being proud that such a production here is possible.

Since the publication of the cast in last week's issue of The Carmelite the following changes and additions have been announced. Frederick Rummelle will play Cinna; George Ball, Flavius; Ralph James, Varro; Gordon Smith, Prestus; Tom La Fargue, the First Citizen and Harry Leon Wilson, Jr., Servius; and Allen Knight, the Cobbler.

Others in the cast are Everette Smith, Archie Meyer, Kelly Clark, Cecil Haskell, David Goddard, Mina Quevli, G. K. Dixon and the Carmel Fire Department will be represented in the soldiery.

Gordon Nelson excellently portrays Brutus. He is very much liked as well as respected by the other members of the cast. He is an inspiration in the mob scenes and a big aid in the erection of the sets.

B. Franklin Dixon, with the "lean and hungry look" of Cassius, stands well on the stage, speaks with an assuring voice and makes a dangerous conspirator.

James Fitzgerald dies beautifully as

HAZEL L.
ZIMMERMAN



Caesar and makes a picturesque figure around which to unfold the story.

While he is the son of the eminent writer, it is upon his own merits that a word of praise should be given Harry Leon Wilson, Jr. for the way he stepped into the part of Servius. He has shown a willing earnest spirit and does his part remarkably well.

In the casting of a play of this size there is a group that seldom receives a great deal of publicity. "Being in the mob" is usually the way these persons are designated. One rarely sees them at the readings of the play or hardly ever at the meetings of the Drama Guild. They may enjoy wearing paint and dressing up or perhaps they have a fear of speaking or a dislike for learning lines; but when it comes to work, they certainly seem to be game. One of these days I hope some of these folks will step out. They really deserve to have individual mention.

Staniford's Drug Store and the booth at the corner of Ocean and Dolores are holding the reserved seat tickets that have not been sold. It looks as though the closing play of the Forest Theater season will have another sold-out house.

—J. F.

INVESTMENT COUNSEL

Miss Hazel L. Zimmerman, financial advisor on the staff of the Pearsons-Taft Co., San Francisco, is to give a series of four talks at Carmel Playhouse on the general subject of "Investments for Women." The first will be given next Wednesday afternoon at two-thirty; the second on Thursday afternoon at the same hour. September third and fourth are the remaining dates.

Miss Zimmerman is a recognized authority on investment matters. She has recently been selected to collaborate with nine other leading women financiers of the country in writing a book on investments for women. The book will be published by Harper & Brothers of New York. Nine of these writers are from New York banks and bond houses, Miss Zimmerman being the only one selected outside of the metropolis.

It is hardly necessary to state that she deals with her subjects only in their broadest general phases—she makes no specific recommendations as to any particular stocks or bonds available.

No admission will be charged. When the same series was given recently at Paul Elder's Gallery, San Francisco, standing room was at a premium.

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AUGUST 20 AND 21****WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
SEPTEMBER 3 AND 4****AT—
CARMEL PLAYHOUSE****2:30 P. M.****BRING YOUR QUESTIONS—
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This is the group of lectures over which San Francisco women were so enthusiastic that even standing room was not available during the entire series.

PEARSONS-TAFT CO.
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San Francisco.**The Theatre****"THE SEA-GULL"**

Reviewed by OLIVER M. GALE, JR.

Carmel Playhouse has again triumphed with a very good performance of a very difficult play. An amateur group may be pleased if they manage to "get away with" a Tchekov play; but our Carmel group has achieved a real success. Edward Kuster is a very ambitious director but he has great practical ability to back up his vision. Which is just what the Little Theatre needs.

The honors of the evening go without much doubt to Galt Bell in the role of Trigorin. His was the most finished piece of acting. Tchekov's plays require a technique all their own, a subtlety of acting, a realism, that the average inexperienced actor can not give. Overacting in one of these plays is a tragic fault. Their keynote is naturalism. This is where Mr. Bell surpassed. His acting was well thought out, his gestures were studied and perfected. But he was sufficiently skillful to cover his technique with poise and naturalism.

Carolyn Louise Anspacher played Madame Treplev very charmingly. Perhaps too much so. There is a great deal of tragedy in the part; it fits in perfectly with the general sombreness of the play. And for the sake of atmosphere this should never be forgotten for a moment. The thing that impresses us when we see the Moscow Art Theatre do one of these plays—and "The Sea-Gull" is so closely associated with this company that it is difficult to separate the two—is the fact that they strike a note near the beginning—usually one of gloom—and keep it echoing all through the play, sometimes subdued in a moment of comedy, sometimes dominant. It is difficult to instil this tone into some of the cheery prattle of Irina, but for the sake of the play as a whole it must be done.

Gloria Stuart was excellent. The dull, hollow despairing quality of her voice was perfect for the part and indeed for the play as a whole. She was more Russian than any other in the cast, except perhaps for Galt Bell.

Mina Quevli was a lovely Nina. Her change, in voice and manner, from the light-hearted, ambitious young girl of the first three acts to the disillusioned, degenerate woman of the end, was indeed skillful. Morris Ankrum played Treplev well and occasionally very well. However, he had a tendency to play the

part from the outside, instead of getting inside it. It was Ankrum playing Trep-lev, instead of Trep-lev expressing his soul to us.

The settings present a problem. I can not deny that they were effective, particularly in the last act where the lean, bitter face of Trep-lev is caught by the light of a candle and balanced against the superficial gayety of the lotto table, the two being divided by a thin line of blue window. And in the same act, the appearance of Nina's white face, her black cloak hidden against the black curtains, is not soon to be forgotten. But it is not Tchekov. The keynote of the Russian play is realism. Tchekov is not interested in plot or in theatrical effect. He is putting before us a slice of Russian life. A physician by profession, he is interested in analysis and psychology. The dialogue, the make-up, the characterization, the very spirit—all is istic to the last degree. It is important then, that the production be real istic in every detail, including the set-tings. It is more difficult to use box-sets or flats than drapes; but that is one of the things that must be thought of when undertaking Tchekov.

All these things are important because they go to make up that atmosphere which is Tchekov's "Sea-Gull." Mau-

rice Baring has said, in his "The Puppet Show of Memory," "Tchekov's plays demand a peculiar treatment on the stage to make their subtle points tell, and cross the footlights. In them the clash of events is subservient to the human figure; and the human figure itself to the atmosphere in which it is plunged."

In this particular play it is the theme of the futility of human effort, with jealousy instilled to concentrate and finally crystallize the tragedy. Each character is striving for something that he can not find. Nina is the most conspicuous example. First she sees her small il-lusions crumbling about her, as she learns that actresses are quite human however great, and is told that fame is a bore. Then her very dreams of love and success destroy her. Trigorin, speak-ing for Tchekov, has found that the fame he has striven for is nothing more than a hateful slavery. Trep-lev, filled with the determination to find "new forms," settles at last into common-places and begins to look about for a new theory. And Sorin, of course, wanted to get married and to be an author, and he never did either. All is futile, success and failure as well. So the play ends with Trigorin still talking of fishing, Sorin still begging for medi-cine, the doctor still recommending val-

erian drops, and Shamraev still quarrel-ing about the horses. The only differ-ence is that there is in the room a stuffed sea-gull destroyed by a man who came by chance and had nothing better to do.

The play, then, makes great demands on any company of actors and on any di-rector. The Carmel Playhouse group may feel very proud of their accomplish-ment. Mr. Kuster as an actor-producer, has given us two fine productions of val-uable plays and has promised us three more. He is doing splendid work.

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COWELL OPERA AT THE FOREST THEATER

Irish mythology will furnish the theme of the story of Henry Cowell's operantata, "The Building of Bamba," which is being staged at the Forest Theater on the evening of Saturday, August twenty-third, at eight-thirty.

The libretto of "The building of Bamba" is by J. O. Varian, the Irish mystic poet. The subject is taken from Irish mythology, and treats of the building of the first solid spot in the universe. The great god Lir, father of the Irish house of gods, sends word that all the lesser gods of rhythm and sound, of light and of imagination are to band together and build a land—the first solid land in cosmos. Then Manaunaun, the god of movement, gathers the gods together, and in collaboration with Oma, the god of imagination, they form a great swirling vortex in the waters of cosmos, into which they draw all the universal materials necessary to build the land. When the land rises above the waters, a new deity, Bamba, the goddess of hope, is born, and she sings to the other gods, telling them that hope is the only solid spot.

Mr. Varian himself will appear as a druid interpreter before each scene of the opera, making clear the import of the ancient Gaelic story.

The opera has just been produced with great success in Halcyon, where it was staged with simplicity and informality in the open air. The same cast of singers will perform at the Forest Theater presentation, which will be under the management of the Denny-Watrous Gallery, and the same sort of performance will be undertaken. The singers include some voices of unusual excellence—Borghild Janson, well known on the concert stage in Germany and Norway; Marjorie Barrett, contralto; Helen McCabe and Margaret Konarsky, sopranos. Chester Cox, tenor, and Thomas Glynn, the magnificent-voiced bass of radio KPO are also in the cast. A chorus of sound-gods and a group of rhythm-gods in action on the stage will lend variety.

With the principals of the Halcyon production appearing in the Carmel presentation, a duplication of the initial success of the opera is assured.

As an introduction to "The Building of Bamba," a group of four arias from Bamba, "The Four Spinners," a group of four arias composed by Edgar Cheetham and based on Irish mythology, will be presented the same evening.

Tickets will be on sale at the Denny-Watrous Gallery and at Staniford's.

THE CARMELITE, AUGUST 14, 1930

THE WEDNESDAY MORNING RECITAL SERIES

Charles Cooper proved to be an exceedingly popular artist when he gave a piano recital Wednesday morning at Carmel Playhouse, appearing before a sizeable audience, enthusiastic and generous with applause.

Throughout the program, Mr. Cooper displayed a fine degree of virtuosity with an easy technique, handling his instrument in a rather delicate manner, seldom sounding great possibilities for resonance. In the Haydn "Variations in F Minor," his first number, he revealed a light touch and agility of movement which characterized the body of his playing. Following this number, the "Ballet des Ombres Heureuses" (Gluck-Friedman) showed the artist happy with calling forth the lyric beauty of the composition. In his playing of "Sonata in A Major" (Scarlatti) there was a distinct crisp clarity of tone with a fine treatment of light, pianissimo passages. Strength undisclosed in the earlier numbers came to the fore in the Brahms "Sonata in F Minor: Op. 5." With surety and force, Mr. Cooper delved into the depths of the first movement, conveying a feeling of brilliant superficiality. More breadth of feeling came with the sombre beauty of the second movement, and in sharp contrast came the Scherzo, with its numerous eloquent passages.

The artist seemed especially at home with the Chopin numbers, revealing delicacy and warmth in the "Nocturne in D Flat Major." The "Etude in C minor, op. 25, No. 12," delighted the audience with its surging rhythms effective contrasts and delicate shading of tone-color.

The Chopin number was followed by Debussy's "Reflet dans l'eau" in which again the artist revealed a high-spirited rendition. The audience was completely won over by the last number on the program, the Schulz-Evler "Concert Arabesques," with its theme borrowed from "By the Beautiful Blue Danube." Here the popular melody was presented with every possible embellishment so the listeners could not only marvel at the technique of the pianist, but also enjoy their concertized favorite tune. Following the enthusiastic applause brought by this number, Mr. Cooper graciously played an encore. A. M. B.

* * *

Frederick Preston Search and Arthur Conradi appear in joint recital at Carmel Playhouse next Wednesday morning in the fifth concert of the Wednesday morning series. Their program appears on the opposite page.

WEDNESDAY MORNING RECITAL SERIES

AUGUST TWENTIETH AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK

CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

FREDERICK PRESTON SEARCH, VIOLONCELLIST

Gordon Wilson, Accompanist

ARTHUR CONRADI, VIOLINIST

Mildred Stombs Warenskjold, Accompanist

1. A. Corelli..... La Folia (Variations serieuses)
Mr. Conradi

2. Saint-Saens..... Sonata in C minor for
Violoncello and Pianoforte

I. Allegro

II Andante tranquillo e sostenuto

III. Allegro moderato

Mr. Search and Mr. Wilson

3. Chopin-Conradi..... Nocturne in D. flat

Couperin-Kreisler..... La Precieuse

Sarasate..... Zortzico

Mr. Conradi

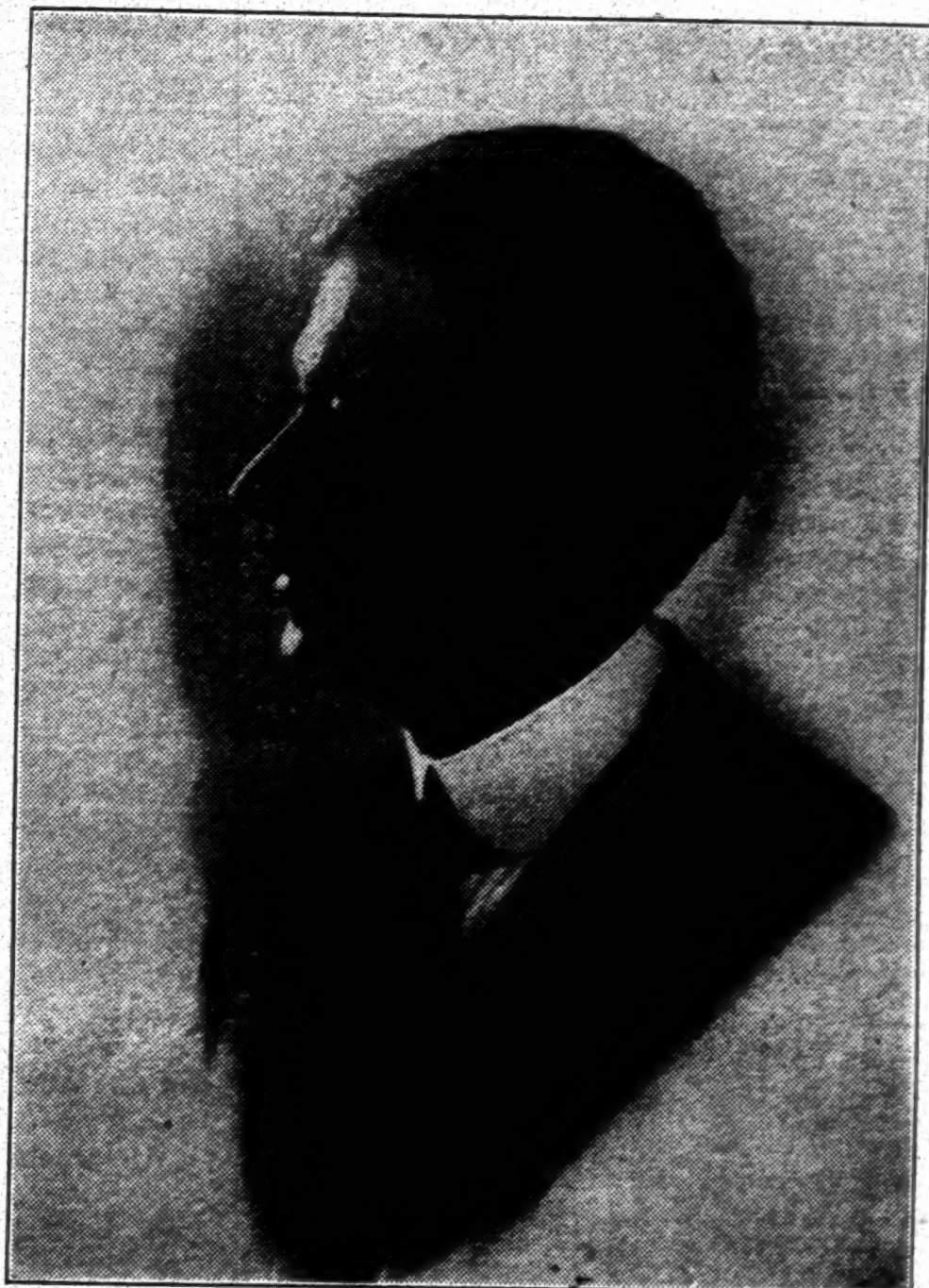
4. Max Bruch..... Kol Nidrei

(A glimpse within the Jewish Temple on Atone-
ment Day;—a tone picture abounding in sacred
musical themes, rich liturgy and great sym-
bolism.)

Pergolesi..... Siciliano

David Popper..... Gavotte in D

Mr. Search and Mr. Wilson



FREDERICK PRESTON SEARCH

BUHLIG IN TWO RECITALS

It has been said of Richard Buhlig that he brings to the concert stage something so solid, so tremendous in depth, so simply music, that one is left with the sense of being permanently enriched.

Buhlig is to give two recitals in Carmel in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on two successive Tuesday evenings, August nineteenth and twenty-sixth. The programs together give a very interesting general survey of music from before Bach to the ultra-moderns with Krenek (the author of "Jonny Spielt Auf") and Schoenberg. The Schoenberg Opus 19, six very short pieces, two of them requiring only a minute to play, are rarely lovely, and excellent examples of the atonal school, the more abstract representation of a mood, of which one sees so much in painting. The Scriabine, one cannot hear too often. It will be very interesting to see the different interpretations given this work by Rudhyar and by Buhlig, Rudhyar having played two of the preludes in his Tuesday evening concert.

These concerts in the Gallery are affording exceptional opportunity for those who wish to know more about what is going on in music today and to give it proper judgment in its relationship to the past and the potentialities of the future. Buhlig's second recital will begin with Frescobaldi (1583-1644), go on to a Fantasy of Mozart, a Bach French suite,

Beethoven's Thirty-two Variations, and end with a group of Schubert dances. The program for the first evening, August nineteenth, follows:

Bach: Toccata in D minor

Krenek: Opus 26, No. 2

Scriabine: Five preludes, Opus 74

Chavez: Sonatina

Bach: Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue

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THE FEELING OF THE WEST

By OLIN DOWNES *

The West may very possibly be the cradle of American art. I say this not in any attempt to seem complimentary, but because I have been impressed by the feeling of California, the feeling of the West that it characterizes to me.

Since arriving in San Francisco I have felt a freshness and a spontaneity in people and their surroundings as though something is really growing here, taking root in new soil. You are eager and alive and not self-conscious. You seem to think for yourself.

It is true that you do not have as much music, as many artists, as swift a movement as in New York and you are not so rich in present accomplishment. But I feel that what you have is actually yours. It has a native flavor which, to me, savors of future development which may possibly be more truly American than the outgrowth of New York's efforts.

You are outside the stream of European culture that is flooding New York and making it, in many respects, more European than American. New York is stimulating. It is stupendous and her artistic activity is amazing—truly the art market of the world. But it is not the logical place for the growth of American culture.

New York is in the path of music and drama and art of all kinds. It is at a cross-roads where the various streams of culture pass. There is a constant influx of European musicians and artists of all kinds. There is a steady inflow of audiences from all over the world. An ever moving tide of culture. And it is amazing how much culture "sticks to its fingers."

But the West is not yet inundated by the flood of foreign culture from which New York draws its life. Out here things are quieter. You seem to have

more calm. Ideas have a chance to grow. What art you have here seems to have its roots in the soil, to have sprung up from the people themselves.

I was amazed to enter your Bohemian Club and find there paintings and sculpture by the members themselves—to find people doing things spontaneously and seemingly for the very joy of doing. I am a member of a club in New York that is supposed to contain the cream of artistic and appreciative talent, but I cannot recall ever having felt the freedom of expression and activity there that I find here. They do have an exhibition of paintings from time to time, I believe, but it is a decidedly formal affair. I am rather a dilatory member, I must admit, but I do not recall their having a theater or any such group activity.

Recently when I was in Bohemian Grove, though I hold myself as the world's worst pianist, I mentioned in an offhand way that it would be interesting to do the Cesar Franck Quintet in that setting. And immediately they said, "Why not?" I demurred that I didn't have the score and that there would not be time for rehearsals and that I did not even know if players were present. Within half an hour a very creditable quartet was assembled and presented to me. The score was produced, I presume from the club's own library, and without rehearsal we played the Cesar Franck Quintet while other club members sat around on logs and listened or went to sleep as they felt inclined. Such a thing would not have happened in New York; there we are too self-conscious. In the first place I should have been worried for fear I should make mistakes, and I should have insisted on two or three rehearsals and it would all have been very formal. Of course, at the Grove I did make mistakes—we gave a very imperfect rendition of the Quintet, but it did not seem to matter. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and the whole spirit was happy and, in a sense, creative.

* * *

Since my arrival in California I have met an amazing number of truly cultured, intellectual people. Friends in New York who had never been West expostulated with me before I left. They said, "You'll die out there. They don't know anything about music or drama or the other things you like. You'll be starved." My experiences have been quite to the contrary. I have met people who know and respond to cultural things. I have met business men too, and where does one not? But I think that in the West the business men I have met have been a bit more frankly

money-makers and more likable because of the absence of pretense. Those who are cultured are definitely so and those who are not are not ashamed of their ignorance and, because of this, I like them and I feel that there is to be a healthy development in the West where you are more free from the superficialities of modern urban life.

It will be interesting to observe the processes by which American art does achieve a national consciousness, assimilating the hundred and one influences to which it is subjected and choosing the forms best suited to its needs.

At present, the symphony seems to me to be the musical form best suited to American feeling. In New York our best effort is put into the symphony and we demand most of it. Opera seems less adapted to the American temperament but it is impossible to say that it will not be important in the future. I am convinced that you will not have general enthusiasm for opera until America itself has produced great opera of its own—but I may be mistaken. Opera in its present form may have a deeper hold on the American imagination than I suppose. It is true that there is a very deep feeling for opera in many people. I feel that the social factor in opera appreciation is overestimated. It is evident that those who are socially prominent and who are attracted to the opera as a social as well as musical event, are in a position to do more, financially, for opera, particularly in the elaborate way it is presented in this country. However, I feel that in the great body of opera audience there is far more honest appreciation than mere social gesture. Particularly is this true of the increasing number of people who demand the great dramatic operas on one hand and the beautifully melodic works on the other.

* * *

You should be able to see many things more clearly in the West, where you are less confused by counter influences and activities. You say that you have less than a million population around the bay from which to draw your audiences and yet you have symphony all the year around and a creditable season of opera each autumn. New York, with its eight million people, does not now support two symphony orchestras and in spite of the stupendous musical activity during the winter season the proportionate development is probably not to your discredit. I shall return to New York, eager for the stimulation that the city's season always gives me, but firmly resolved to keep an ear to the ground for signs of significant artistic development in the West.

* Olin Downes in his lecture at Carmel Playhouse last week confined his remarks almost entirely to the announced subject of his talk, "A Musical Jaunt in Spain." Many of his hearers no doubt would be interested in sharing his impressions of a more familiar scene and it is with this in mind that *The Carmelite* reprints the accompanying article, with all due credit to "The San Franciscan," from which it is taken.

Matrix

by Helen Cramp

Grey-blue morning mists
Filling the room
Mountains pressing close
Gigantic forms
Like elephants against the sky
Everywhere forms
The ordered march of life
The forward push of being.

The rounded form of one held dear
Beside me here, a curving form
But lately shaped within myself
The miracle of form a mother knows
The miracle of life that touches death.

*In lonely pride she built her house
A vacant house until love came—
A void, a love, a germ, a child
Thus form creating form, emerging life
The relay race that has no given end.*

Forms bulging with reality
Like paintings by Van Gogh
Forms breaking paths into remem-
brances
Forms wrapped in brightness like a cloak
Everywhere forms
Mountains pressing close
Seeking some at-one-ment
Tiny tendril fingers on my hand.

Forms of baby's toys against the
window framed
The cart from Ceylon like a prairie
schooner with an ox for draught
The Russian peasant carved in wood and
ready for a dance
The battered forms of things he loves
and lives with day by day
Forms yielding up as in some mystic rite
their innermost reality.

Outside the window, forms of trees
Their leaves like patterns on the sky
And in the mind a thousand vagrant
forms
That should and have not passed into
oblivion.

Forms of those we have strongly loved
Forms of houses and rooms we have
lived in

Forms of things we have written or
built or done
Skeleton forms of things we have
dreamed or envisioned
Forms of beauty out of all ages and
places
Everywhere forms
Simple, intricate, multitudinous
Forms emerging in fragrance
Dissolving in mists
Forms, vague, evanescent
Colliding, collapsing
Merging, emerging
Out of the nebulous
Into the nebulous
The law of life
And that law God
As much God as there is in a world
forsaking gods.

I too a form among these forms
Each of my days a chaos seeking shape
I am a singer
Framing daily songs
I am a worker
Song is dead in me.

Life reaching out to more life
Life fulfilled in joy
Life rounded out with pain
Life filled to overflowing
Words tumbling past each other
Thoughts crowding to be spoken
Music weaving intricate patterns
To be arrested by a dance in form—
And ever the steady march of work
And ever the eager cry of children
Asking bread.

Woman leaping up to defend her young
Woman demanding more than bread
and young
The deep, deep call to home
The age-sweet urge to travel on—
As if the path of life *could* be without!

Life, more life
Life surmounting death
And bringing death
Form yielding place to form
Life, creation, death, dissolution
Forms, everywhere forms
And life itself a form
White patterned on the matrix of
eternity.

[HELEN CRAMP — Mrs.
Preston McCrossen — for-
merly made her home in
Monterey, where she and
her husband conducted the
Indian Craft Shop. They
now live in Sante Fe.]

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR CONGRESS
EMMET C. RITTENHOUSE
 REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
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Primary election August. 26

RUSSELL SCOTT
Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 Monterey County
 Subject to Primary Election
 August 26, 1930


Vote for
P. J. DOUGHERTY
 for
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 Monterey Township
 Primary Election, August 26, 1930

JOSEPH PIETROBONO
 CANDIDATE FOR
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
 MONTEREY TOWNSHIP
 COUNTY OF MONTEREY
 SUBJECT TO PRIMARY ELECTION,
 AUGUST 26, 1930

THE JOHONNOT STUDIO
 For many years Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Helm Johonnot have been studying color. They have worked out a theory of color harmony that may perhaps be best illustrated by using a figure from music. One note does not constitute music; it is the interrelation of several notes skillfully selected and harmoniously blended. So in the realm of decoration, it is not the single color that makes beauty, but the harmonious use of various tones to constitute a rhythm of effect that is soothing or inspiring just

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as in a musical composition. In the past, the opportunities for illustrating the practical application of this theory have been somewhat limited. Mr. Johonnot has made a number of paintings that are based on color harmony, but there has previously been no satisfactory place in which to display them, since it is necessary for the surroundings to be either neutral or in tune with the motif of the picture. And Mrs. Johonnot has decorated several homes which bring great pleasure to their occupants but are not available to all who might be interested. At last, in the new DeYoe building, Mrs. Johonnot has opened a studio in which her color theory can be studied in its practical application to interior decoration, and where Mr. Johonnot's paintings can be seen amid advantageous surroundings. One may enjoy tea or a light lunch while under the spell of soothing color effects. Here soft tones of lavender and green, deep purples and yellows, blend together in a quiet, peaceful symphony of color. A note is struck by a vase or a napkin and carried through the entire room, reappearing in almost unnoticed details, until it reaches its culmination in one of the pictures on the wall. It is an unusual interior but a perfectly normal and thoroughly pleasing one. The Johonnot Studio is a new spot of interest in Carmel, and should not be missed.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
 "Soul" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday in all Churches of Christ, Scientist.
 The Lesson-Sermon also will include The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "The way of the just is uprightness: thou, most upright, dost weigh the path of the just. Yea, in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee; the desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee. With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early: for when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness" (Isa. 26:7-9).
 the following passage from the Christian Science text book, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "The proper use of the word soul can always be gained by substituting the word God, where the deific meaning is required. In other cases, use the word sense, and you will have the scientific signification. As used in Christian Science, Soul is properly the synonym of Spirit, or God; but out of Science, soul is indetical with sense, with material sensation" (p. 482).

baked delicacies to add the finishing touches to the menu . . .

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Carmel

MUSIC AND THE NEW
EDUCATIONAL VISTAS

Dr. Henry Purmort Eames, member of of the staff of Scripps College at Claremont, was the guest of honor at a delightful lawn party given last Sunday afternoon by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. Marble at their home in Carmel Valley. Dr Eames favored the guests with a program of piano compositions, varied and interesting, including a number of his own works. In the latter there was revealed musicianship of a high order as well as a great knowledge of the cultural background of music, enhanced by understanding and sympathy for widely differing types. Such a performance indicated that Dr Eames in himself personifies the theory upon which educational work at Scripps is based—culture achieved through the development of all capacities for apperception while specializing in one particular field.

Speaking informally on his work at the college, Dr. Eames proclaimed himself a great "salesman" for the idea. Here is one of the few instances where modern philosophy and psychology have been adapted to the formation of a college curriculum. A number of elementary schools guided by John Dewey as interpreted by Kilpatrick, Rugg and others, have adapted what is termed progressive education, in which we find emphasis placed on the individual rather than, as in the old school, upon the acquisition of classified decadent material. The object, of course, being the development of the individuality into a personality capable of efficient citizenship in an increasingly complex civilization, of little avail is such work, when the high schools and colleges bring the student down to the level of fairly archaic methods and standards. For this reason, the college at Claremont stands out as an experiment basically sound, adapting significant departures from the traditional methods of educational procedure.

Dr. Eames is concerned especially with the part of the curriculum which introduces the study of the arts in the interpretation of the historical cultures on an equal basis with economic and significance of the role of music in civilization, "its power as a social force, its artistic values and appreciation."

The Scripps College has as its guiding hypothesis, the principle that the truly educated man or woman is one whose development has been not only mental but also spiritual; it is one whose objective and scientific knowledge is balanced and beautified by wisdom and love, and by all that may be drawn from the accumulated richness of mind and heart.

Realizing the importance of a healthy balance between things and thoughts, Dr. Eames develops his particular phase of work at Scripps as professor of music and aesthetics.

A. M. B.

CARMEL ART GALLERY

The current exhibition of paintings by Catherine Seideneck at the Carmel Art Gallery affords a welcome opportunity for closer acquaintance with the work of an artist, the excellence of whose craft entitles her to rank among the first six painters now resident on the peninsula. Those familiar with her individualism through her too infrequent showings under the aegis of the Art Association have enjoyed the concentrated interest of a "one-man show"; to others it has been an enriching introduction to a first-rate artist. The exhibition continues for the remainder of this week.

Celia B. Seymour will exhibit a group of portraits in oils, pastel and red chalk at the Carmel Art Gallery in the Court of the Seven Arts, beginning Monday, August eighteenth and continuing until September tenth. Miss Seymour is well known in New York art circles, as well as in Philadelphia and San Francisco, for the brilliance and cleverness of her portraiture. She has an unusual gift for intimate faithfulness in portraying her subjects, particularly noticeable in her studies of children.

Among the portraits to be shown are those of Brace Hayden, "Pop" Ernst, Charles Sumner Greene, Otis Skinner, Halldis Stabell, and a noteworthy group of children's portraits in pastel and red chalk.

LOST:—Tuesday, August twelvth, in Carmel or Monterey, or on the highway to Salinas, a brown leather overnight satchel. Reward offered. P. O. Box 1033, Carmel.

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Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

(Continued from last week)

I went out of that office breathing easy for the first time in weeks, feeling that Truth was a great institution after all. A few months later I wondered if I had told the truth at the outset, would I have been able to make a contract with them—maybe.

I'm sure I worked harder now than I would have had my own money been in the show. I wouldn't let those Salt Air people lose through lack of effort on my part, since they had been so lenient with me. I rehearsed the people till they could have gone through the play in their sleep. I wrote stories and full-page ads till I talked adjectives and alliteration in ordinary conversation. Here is a sample of what I had in one Sunday advertisement, which I copy from the scrap-book:

"It is so Gigantic in its Conception, so Marvelous in its Consummation, that all previous efforts in amusements become a pale flickering light when placed within the radius of the refulgent beams shed upon the public by this Glorious Orb of the Theatrical Firmament."

Now isn't that an awful bunch of "hooy." But they fell for such stuff hard. I wrote over twenty full newspaper pages of junk like that—the boys call it "boloney" now—and I was afraid on the Sunday we opened that I had led them to expect too much.

It was a circus, but I had to buck three circuses playing Salt Lake in July and August: they were the Sells Brothers, Forepaw and the Wallace shows. I fought for billboard space, and the "dear public," and I don't believe I averaged five hours sleep in twenty-four the last two weeks. But then I was happy at that, for I had a big incentive to work for—to get Salt Air out of the hole I had led them into.

The National Pyrotechnical Spectacular Company, as I called the seventy-five cents worth of organization owned by Frank Sheridan and Frank L. Talbot, worked at top speed. A great boss stage-carpenter, Mickey Brown, and a great scenic artist, Jim Anderson, were my "right bowers" among the working force; while Charlie Beane, my stage manager, and Ed and Tillie Russell labored as if it were their own show.

Well, the opening night came, as open-

THE CARMELITE, AUGUST 14, 1930

ing nights have a habit of doing, with me wishing I had another week to get ready in. The grand-stand across a strip of water was but half-filled when the show started; something went wrong with the lights just as the grand entree started, and my "Bewildering Bevy of Beautiful Blondes" swung though the gates of the castle to find themselves in a very deep blackness. I rushed them back into line and we waited for the electrician to say "Go." A dreary, weary fifteen minutes for me till on came the lights again. Wasn't that a punk start?

The light went on and the amazons went through their march, one hundred and sixty of them. They warmed up the audience as if it was a delightful display of color and legs. The dancers helped with their Spanish *botas*—but the spectators didn't really become enthusiastic till Nick Cebellos did his wire-act. Nick is he whom I mentioned before as now being the proprietor of South America's greatest circus. That boy could do things on the wire that few could do on the ground—somersaults, nip-ups, arabs, ballet steps, and the lord knows what. When he finished the eight or ten thousand people let loose that noise that gladdens a showman's heart. Then came three acts at once, all top notchers—three-in-one *a la* circus. Every act on the bill was cut down to one-half their regular time, so they gave only their real good snappy stuff.

I knew nothing about how the show was succeeding—I had to keep it going fast until the bomb that blew the villainous Don into eternity and his castle into ruins, went off. When that bomb was shot and the fireworks started, I laid down in an extreme corner of the platform and said, "It's up to you, Talbot; go to it." And did he! I and everyone who saw the show will say he did. What an exhibition. The man was a wizard. That chap could take a handful of red-fire, six Roman candles and two rockets, and make it look like the battle of Gettysburg.

Let me quote the Salt Lake "Herald's" review of Talbot's end of it: "Nothing like the fireworks has been witnessed here. The sky was literally bombarded with the prettiest form of explosives ever seen in this city."

The show was a success, a big success.

A week later, Glen Miller and Bud Whitney, the dramatic critics on the "Tribune" and the "Herald" wrote editorial reviews on the whole affair. I'll quote from Miller's:

" * * * It was foreseen it would be an immense success or an immense

failure, and it is pleasant to note it has been the former. When Frank Sheridan and Frank L. Talbot undertook this project, their combined capital was five dollars. That was eight weeks ago. Certainly it must be considered a wonderful accomplishment that in times like these, with no money and no influence, a couple of young fellows could create so big and brilliant a spectacle. To say the least, it was a daring venture."

Yes, Glen, it was a venture, and no one knew how daring it was save Talbot, myself and the gamest one of all, Nephi Clayton.

I hope the reader will pardon this bit of ego of mine when I explain that I'm prouder of that review than any of any other I have in my scrap-book, except the one the late William Winter wrote about my performance of Captain Williams in "Paid in Full"

Now before I drift away from Salt Lake, I want to say a few words about my partner. As I've said somewhere, Talbot knew little about promoting, and that he learned a lot through his mistakes, yet if he could have learned one little thing he would have become one of the greatest theatrical magnates of the country. That little thing was, "Don't spend more than you earn."

During my plotting in Salt Lake, I worked out a scheme to promote an exhibition hall of large capacity. I told Frank the details and my plan for getting it going; then forgot it. A few years later he returned to Salt Lake with the idea and promoted to a successful finish the famous "Salt Palace." Later he went to St. Louis and in a short time got a couple of million dollars lined up and built and operated the St. Louis Hippodrome, the largest show house in the country at the time except the New York Hippodrome. As a promoter I at my best was only "small time" compared with him—just an ordinary "selling plater." The last I heard about Frank was in 1923, when he had collected a million dollars up in Buffalo and started a motion picture company. That blew up, as did his interest in the Hippodrome.

Well, he was a game fellow; would always take a chance with his own money as readily as with yours; a good companion and never cried when hurt. Good luck to you, Frank Talbot, wherever you are.

Next week I'll tell about a few of the Utah mining camps I played, some of which didn't have any Law and Order League—that is, none to speak of. After that I will exit from Utah and the West in general for a few years.

The Garden

Conducted by Dorothy Q. Bassett and Anne Nash, of The Garden Shop

PERENNIALS

The most important thing to remember in planting perennials is thorough preparation of the soil, as most of them remain in the ground for several years before it is necessary to divide them. Deep spading is essential and nearly all perennials like an occasional application of lime. (Two exceptions are coreopsis and lupins, which tolerate an acid condition.) Do not give an abundance of fertilizer late in the year, as winter is their dormant period. Plants will not remain hardy during this time, if they become too succulent by overfeeding.

August is a good month to begin planting perennial seeds for next year's bloom. One must remember, however, that the young seedlings will need daily care during the warm fall days. If one is willing to give the time, one will be well repaid with early bloom from these plants. Of course sowings may be made much later in the season, too, and some perennials will even bloom the same year when seed is sown early in the year. Iceland poppies will bloom in summer from seeds sown in February or March. Speaking of Iceland poppies, it is a loss that these charming flowers are not more extensively seen in our gardens. They are easily grown from seed, their main demand being a sunny place and good drainage. Their range of color is truly ravishing from pure yellow and orange to intermediate shades of apricot, salmon and bronze. They are graceful in the garden, and excellent for cutting, the blooms lasting for several days, if cut when in bud. . . . Another poppy of great value and beauty, which we see to rarely is the Orientale. Perhaps we are used to think of it as a rather flamboyant red affair, difficult to us in a garden. The red is a bit insistent, but the hybridizers have succeeded in evolving a race of warm pinks and yellows and oranges, which are stately and gorgeous without dominating.

The list of perennials is a long one and especially in the small garden must one discriminate carefully against using too many. But after a few good old standbys are established, it certainly adds zest to the garden game, if each year one tries a clump or two of some new creation for accent and variety.

FOR RENT: Room in private house for one or two gentlemen. Close in. Telephone 799-W. Reasonable.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

(The Carmelite is the Official Newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.)

CERTIFICATE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER THE FICTITIOUS NAME OF

"CARMEL DAIRY DEPOT"

BE IT KNOWN:

That We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are a co-partnership conducting a Dairy Business in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, under the fictitious name of

"CARMEL DAIRY DEPOT."

That our principal place of business and office is on Ocean Avenue, between San Carlos Street and Mission Street in the said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

That our full names and residences are: EARL FLOYD GRAFT, residing on Guadalupe Street, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

JOHN HENRY BELL JR. residing on Junipero Street, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

EVERETT E. LITTLEFIELD, residing on Franklin Street, in the City of Monterey, California.

That we are the only persons interested in said business.

IN WITNESS WE HAVE HERE-UNTO SET OUR HANDS THIS 7th. day of July 1930.

EARL F. GRAFT.
JOHN HENRY BELL JR.
EVERETT E. LITTLEFIELD.

State of California :

: s.s.

County of Monterey. :

On this 7th. day of July 1930, before me, a Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EARL FLOYD GRAFT, JOHN HENRY BELL JR, and EVERETT E. LITTLEFIELD, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within Instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal in the City of Monterey, County of Monterey, State of California, the day and year first above written in this Certificate.

FRANK C. JAKOBS.

NOTARIAL SEAL. Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

Endorsed. Filed July 26th. 1930.

C. F. JOY, County Clerk.

By EDNA E. THORNE

Deputy.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR
NUMBER AUGUST 14
24

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR IS THE SPRING-OFF OF THE REGULAR CARMELITE

NORMAN BAYLEY EDITOR

OUR VIEWS PLAYS

There have been some wonderful plays in Carmel and some people have not taken advantage of them, most of them home talent. I know I have tried to go to them all. Over The Fairy Line was one which was very good, all done by were children. This play took a long time to get the children to know their parts and when it was ready, the children in fact none of them had stage fright and the play was a great success.

Then there was Carmel Nights which was my idea of a funny play. All the actors were good and the tramp or the comedian was good and funny, the dancers were high steppers and that show went over very good. Anyone that missed it missed something. The play was written and produced by Mr. Durham but when the time came to be praised he gave the credit to everyone else. Then there were the plays that came before these which were "God of Gods" an Indian play which had the music and everything and was put on very good. And another one at the same time. The "Thrip'ny Opera" which was also very good and put on good. Another play that just went, called "The Seagull" which was also very good. The next will be a play called Julius Caesar.

I have heard that the costumes are very pretty but I don't know what it is about but I am sure it will be very good. I think that everyone in Carmel should help put these plays over and make them a success. The way you can do that is to go to them, not staying home and let some one tell it to you. Your missing a lot if you do. If you don't go to them the people that make them up and spend a lot of money in doing it for your pleasure they get disgusted and pretty soon there wont be any more plays and everybody will be wanting them.

N. B.

IN THE MOONLIGHT

I went with some other boys to the beach about eight o'clock at night. First we went along the beach picking up wood and paper to make the fire when we had gotten enough wood and paper we looked for a place to build the fire, which we found. The place was in the sand dunes. We built the fire and sat around it for awhile and we played games. One was capture the flag. While we were playing the moon came up and it was almost as bright as day, we played for a long time and then we sat around the fire. You would think it would be cold away from the fire, but it really wasn't. While we were sitting around we told stories and jokes and when we were ready to go home it was plenty late, but we had a good time even if our hair was full of sand.

N. B.

† † †

MY TRIP TO YOSEMITE

The first day there we didn't do much feed the deer and bear and have a regular good time, and got very well acquainted with everything. The next day my mother and I went on a half day saddle trip to Mirror lake, and Happy Isles, the lake is just as its name is, it is so smooth I guess you could see the stars at night in it. When we got back we were sore all over. That night we a little on the slippery dance floor. I forgot to say something about the rocks in the valley as you come near camp Curry and Yosemite Lodge there you pass El Capitan the biggest rock on the floor of the valley, and the guide told that some of the rocks were three thousand feet high. The next rocks you come to are the three brothers they are three humps out of one big rock, and next you see sentinel rock. It is sure like a big sentinel the way it stands and where it is. Now I think we will come down from our high perch and look around the floor of the valley. First we will go to the new village where the Museum is. You can see all the bugs, insects and all the maps and nearly ev-

ery connected with nature. Then in back of the museum you can see old Magie the indian woman. She is there every day and makes acorn bread. Then just outside of the village we come to the indian caves where the Yosemite indians live. Now we will go up a little bit and come to Half Dome,, then opposite it we have North Dome both are big rocks. Half Dome the guide said was about thirty-five hundred feet high and North Dome about twenty-five hundred feet high and as sunset comes North Dome has the top all lit up, it is very pretty. I forgot to mention we were going along in our car and we saw a party eating lunch and a pair of bears came along and they ran so the bears had the feast all to themselves and after they got through eating they just lay down on the cloth where they had eaten and went to sleep so I guess the people didn't get back until the bears got through sleeping. Every night at nine o'clock they have the fire fall, they build a big fire up on top of a big rock. I said big fire but it looks like a big star it is so far up they start this fire early and at nine o'clock they dump this big fire over the top, it falls about fifteen hundred feet and it falls just on solid rock when it does land. I hope to go back some time soon because there are many more wonderful things I did not get to see.

John Sheridan



† † †

GOING UP THE VALLEY

A boy and myself went up the valley on our bikes. We went as far as the farm center, when we got there we were tired so we got a few apples (ten apice) and started back. When we were about half way back we were so full of apples we had to sit down to eat the rest. Then a little way further we found an old, old, old bridge it would tremble, then after we ate a few more apples we started for home again. As we were going along I sited a wagon going up a hill we were

continuing THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

approaching. We made all the speed we could toward the old thing. When we got to it we hung on. It was almost as hard to hold on as it was to ride. It was going so slow we let go and passed it. After a while later we coasted in to Carmel.

David Hagemeyer.

† † †

SHIPWRECKED

Continued from last week.

They sneaked down the deck until they came to a place where they could see the cabin that they occupied clearly and yet hidden so they could not be seen from it. "Jack, we will hide here and see if anyone tries to brake in it." No sooner were these words out of his mouth when a tall figure with something in his hand stopped at their door, looked at it a minute and went past. "Bill, I think this is too early in the evening for anything to be happening, I think he might be planning to do something later on so we might just as well wait right here."

They waited and waited until the boat clock struck one o'clock then the figure appeared as they expected, only this time he reached in his pocket and pulled out what must have been a pass key, opened the door and walked in and in a few minutes appeared at the door and sweating like a trooper, he walked out, closed the door behind him, locked it and walked on. But both boys ached upon a suggestion and began to follow him. They stayed some yards behind him. They followed him all about, even to the lounge where he smoked nervously and read the paper, but never once did they see his face. His hat was over his eyes and his collar up over the lower part of his face. Finally the man went back to their room and took another look. By this time it was passed four o'clock. When the man came out he walked to another room at the other end said something under his breath and of the deck and went in.

The boys shook hands and wrote down the room number and went back to their rooms thinking that they wanted excitement and here it is so they might just as well take advantage of it but not to lose sleep on it. They soon were asleep. They slept all morning and loafed around all that afternoon and at night time they fixed their beds up like they were in them to see what would

happen to them if they should stay there, then they walked down the deck to that hiding place again along about one o'clock the figure appeared again with something in his hand. As last time he reached over and tried the door. It was locked as he expected so he pulled out a pass key and opened the door and went in. He came out and looked very satisfied. After he had passed on the two boys went to the room and found that the beds had been cut. "In other words," said Jack, "we are dead to one passenger on this ship, we couldn't be in any more danger of death if we were singing the Stein song. I really feel weak, but in a way I like this excitement, don't you?"

"No sir, that's where you and me differ being hunted down isn't so much fun according to me and."

There was a knock at the door. The boys looked at each other and grew pale, the perspiration stood out on their foreheads. Then Bill bravely called out as he drew the automatic out of his pocket, "Come in." The door opened and the cabin boy was facing two pistols, he dropped the telegram and was in the main office before the two boys could recover from their surprise. They picked up the telegram and both tried to open it at once. They finally got it open. Bill looked at it and didn't know how to act, then Jack looked it over and he didn't know whether to cry or jump for joy and finally Bill said very sadly, "All this for nothing." But Jack said, "You are a son of a rich man."

The next day they tried their best to keep under cover so they wouldn't be seen by their enemy but they didn't know what he looked like so they didn't know what they were dodging. The only way said Jack is to separate because one can hide better than two. So the boys separated and hid their faces. Their parting words were to meet at six, at

night at the last life boat on their cabin side of the boat. Neither saw each other after that until six o'clock came. Bill was the first to the life boat and after waiting about five minutes Jack appeared on the scene. He looked very worried, he came hurrying along the deck and at every few steps he gave a quick glance around him. The next time he looked around he must have seen something because he jumped in a cabin door and luckily it was theirs.

To be continued next week.

Pats for Pets

PATS FOR PETS

EDITORS NOTE

Anyone wanting a dog it would be advisable to go to the Monterey pound and you might find just the dog that you like, and the dogs over there are homeless and would be glad to get a master and a home.

Carmel, August 11, 1930.

The Carmelite Junior,

I want you to know how much I enjoy your "Pats for Pets" column, and I am sure that many others who are interested in our dumb animals are enjoying it too.

I am wondering if you would give the following information in your column: When tin cans are opened the top of the can is usually only half opened and there remains a lid, partly open, which has a very, very sharp edge.

A Humane Society told me that it had known hungry stray cats and other small small animals to be terribly cut on the sharp edges of a partly opened can, while putting their heads in empty cans in search of food.

If people would take time—and it would take only a very little time—to take off the whole lid, instead of leaving part of it on (which is dangerous) they would be doing a real kindness to many of our homeless and hungry little four footed friends which cannot plead for themselves,

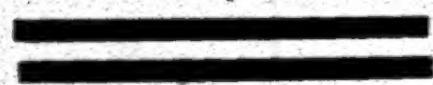
Faithfully yours,

EFFIE MACFARLAND

EDITORS NOTE

I thank Miss MacFarland for the kind word of appreciation of the column "Pats for Pets" and I also thank her for a book called "Our Dumb Animals" which is a file of all the magazines of 1929, in which I expect to get many ideas.





1¢ a meal — to cook with *electricity*



*And the electric range
costs no more than
any good range*



Electric cooking has an aristocratic "atmosphere."

However, fine "atmosphere" should not mislead any one from true dollar-and-cents facts. Here they are:

You can cook a complete meal for four people with 4c worth of electricity. In addition, the price of an electric range itself is no more than any good range.

And how the electric range improves cooking! — and gives you more time for out-of-the-kitchen activities. For electric cooking can be entirely automatic. After a meal is placed in the oven, you never have to watch it — or baste the

meat. Moreover, the electric range is the "keynote" for a beautiful, clean kitchen.

Today's electric range has Improved Cooking Elements, 29 to 50% speedier. Fully enameled Rust-Proof Oven. Smokeless Broiler Pan. Smooth Porcelain Enamel which wipes clean easily. Cooker Pot. Automatic Oven Temperature Control, and a Special Time Clock for automatically turning the oven current on and off while you're away.

Come into our office or a dealer's store and see the fine new electric ranges. And remember, modern electric cooking IS economical.